

FR: Night game begins in Poland

Krauser PUA | 8 September, 2009 | by krauserpua

Night game intimidates me. It's not really the flashing lights / loud music / lots of people thing. It's not really the risk of public humiliation in front of drunken revellers. It's definitely not the distant risk of violence (such as from a pissed off boyfriend). Fuck all that.

It's my reality. In my chode-mind I've got myself figured as an "intelligent guy" who only wants "intelligent women". Nightclubs are full of thick pissheads and shallow tarts, *ergo*, I don't like night game. It's funny how embroiled the human mind is in self-deceit. This mental construct is just a way for me to dodge the challenge of pulling in clubs while maintaining my fragile aura of self-confidence.

So I decide I have to break down that barrier and as luck has it one of my poor friends has been beaten down into marriage submission and has a stag do in Poland. There's fifteen of us going, of whom I know twelve well and have briefly met the others. A nice big pack to hold my state up if I start choding out.

Krakow, 29th May 2009

Great atmosphere from the off. We check in to three apartment rentals in the same old city-centre building. There's a strip club opposite, which we subsequently find is dripping in hot stripper cunt. But the first order of business is to drink through the afternoon. Our chubbiest friend barfs in the one part of the bar that can't be walked around and we get turfed out.

We end up in a small basement club that I really like. It's gradually filling up with a student / mid-20s crowd, about 60/40 men to women. Most of my friends are beta AFCs and having a great time amongst themselves but wouldn't ever approach. I discuss the need to sarge with the one alpha guy there so we wing up.

HB7 / HB6 seated two set

There's a blonde and brunette sitting by the wall sipping cocktails. I open with the tourist "Where's good to visit?" and they hook easily. Wing comes over, we stay in set a good 20 min or so. I don't really know how to escalate and I find myself pecking, but overall this set is fine. We eject for reasons that elude me. Within five minutes some random Polish chodes are bothering them and they are giving us "help us" eye signals. Which we ignore.

My wing opens some HB5 sitting by herself, the only other girl not either dancing or in a mixed set. I briefly join and as I do her HB6 friend turns up. They are 20yr old Chemistry students. As the HB6 goes to the cloakroom I go to the bar. On her way back I grab her, pull her in, lower-back lead to the bar.

Krauser: Help me with the drinks

HB6: Tee hee

she kiss my cheeks

HB6: Free kiss

Krauser: No. I only do kisses on the mouth

make out within two minutes of open!

We take the drinks back. Girl's hand is on my lap. Random dude comes over and leaning in to girl, bothering her.

Krauser: Is that your boyfriend?

HB6: No. My ex-boyfriend

Krauser: I'm claiming my second free kiss

make out in front of chode

Chode: **trying to be threatening** You... have... a... problem...?

I look him up and down, hold eye contact

Krauser: Maybe

Wing laughs, chode ejects

The set doesn't go anywhere and after we eject I notice about an hour later that HB6 is in deep conversation with aforementioned chode. Looks like I was a cat's paw. We go on to the strip club.

Krakow, 30th May 2009

We're in a much bigger club and it's also got a great atmosphere. Except for one isolated room with a dancefloor, it's easily quiet enough to speak. While the betas have fun with themselves and eventually move on to the same strip club, the wing and I sarge every set we find. I open six sets, only crashing'n'burning one. Is it state, or are Polish girls just so much friendlier and willing to enjoy the male-female dynamic?

I get a thirty second make out that still confuses me. Basically I was jumped, but it goes nowhere and the girl doesn't want a second try. We get the runaround a bit from two young'uns who get us to take a photo (chode alert!) and then lead us on to the dancefloor before dismissing us half an hour in. Mental note: don't let the girl lead you around

My best opener is "Do you mind if I sit here? Those girls told me to get lost."

When we have finally sarged out the whole club we head to a different strip club called Casablanca which is in fact a brothel. Fucking awful it is too. Looks like the hotel bar of a Holiday Inn, there's only three women of whom two are middle-aged munters and the other is a jaded disinterested mid-20s who was probably once very hot. It's rammed with middle-aged Alan Partridge types. Not only do none of the whores try to drum up business but when I ask the pretty one a few things she fobs me off with "I'm busy" and plays on a slot machine.

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